



WHITE DRILL SUIT.

DAME OF FASHION.

COLORS ADOPTED FOR THE SEASON
AND GENERALLY WORN.

GOWNS FOR OUT-OF-DOOR PARTIES.

Soft, White Silk, Woven Like Alpaca, Makes One of the Most
Charming Hot-Weather Dresses—
New Tea and Theatre Jackets.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, June 2.—It has at last been decided that the central colors which will rule during the season are the royal red, white, and blue. From these it is expected to develop many tone schemes. If the world of fashion is not gorgeous, it will be odd, indeed.

Royal red, as all the world knows, is scarlet. The version of it which appears conspicuously in dress, is something a shade or two brighter than a clove carnation. There is a velvet petalled geranium which touches it exactly, and which, in consequence, has jumped into favor. A dress of this hue for day wear is carried out in an accordion-plaited skirt with a red net bodice, the detail of which is a long history of tucks, puffs, and gauzes, quiltings, and ruchings, all on the smallest scale.

The effect, though soft and fluffy, is not one whit clumsy, but, rather, eminently becoming to the figure. Rose-red is also worn, and appropriately. A crepe du chine gown, made in a soft, deep shade of rose-red, has an embroidery of roses and foliage in a high tapering spray at one side of the skirt, and narrowly almost all 'round the hem, the roses and foliage executed in silk and harmoniously shaded. A green crepe du chine belt defines the waist line and the bodice shows a yoke and collar of green crepe du chine on which the design of roses is continued in embroidery. Royal purple has had its turn and is not a hue that looks its best in summer, while it is aggressive to the rods and deep pinks now so much in favor. The deep pinks now so much in favor, will be much worn, while the love for green waxes warmer and warmer. It is an altogether amiable color and is most successfully combined with black, white, red, blue, yellow, brown, and pink, while it offers an endless variety of choice in shade. Green with silver-gray is a combination which finds favor, as does green with Parma violet. White is, as it has ever been, the most worn of all in the summer, but this year it is contrasted with deep, bright tones.

The time for garden parties and all fresco fetes, particularly at the seaside, is now, if only the weather will permit. The dress is ready, and the weathers, too, but only continued sunshine will bring this combination successfully to the front. A lovely frock is made of ivory white soft silk, woven like alpaca. The skirt is of the radiated accordion pleating, for which taste has not yet abated. The bodice is partly veiled in a very thin cream-colored embroidered blonde. This is closely shirred around the sleeves, and is drawn down the front and back, while little light-looking frills of it fall between puffs of the silk on the shoulders.

blue silk beneath. The bodice is an exceedingly cleverly-arranged bit of millinery. The whole of it, with the exception of the sleeves, is of the darker chiffon, with lines of the creamy-hued insertion following the prettiest curves of the figures and drawn down becomingly at the waist. The sleeves are of the glaze silk, tucked finely on the shoulders and again at the cuffs. There is a careless-looking full vest bordered by insertion of royal blue chiffon, and a standing collar and rudiments of a yoke made of minutely tucked cream-colored silk. The quantity of tiny tucks, infinitesimal frills, filigree patterns, and diminutive ruchings fill the contemplative mind with wonder as to how such work can be effected in the short time often given for the making of one of these elaborate up-to-date dresses.

Maizette, gauzes, zephyrs, and grass lawns are very popular as materials for the early Victorian costumes, which the fact of the Queen's jubilee has given even to Americans I saw one such

dress made of silken muslin with a little white sprigged rosebud on it. The whole of the skirt was flounced, each flounce being edged with narrow lace, while all was gracefully graduated as to the tiniest possible width near the waist. The saash was of pink ribbon and the bodice simple, but not high-waisted, while over it was a pelerine of white embroidered muslin and pink glaze silk. Frills of the silk covered the shoulders and there were long, side-like ends down the front. The neck-band was covered with a pink silk ruche and one outlined the whole of the cape portion of this dainty little garment. A Leghorn hat, drooping downward slightly over the ears and trimmed with a wreath of pink roses and three white Victorian ostrich plumes, admirably correspond with the dress. Less extreme, in similar style, was a dress of white muslin over blue glaze silk, the muslin finished with a deep flounce headed by puffs. The body was a mass of tiny tucks and minute puffs, such as, I believe, were never dreamed of in the 30's, and such as render the making of a dress of this attire a work of patience, and skill. The hat in this case was of black net trimmed with ruffles of the same and with pink roses and pale-gray ostrich tips.

A very new and equally charming jacket for theatres and teas is made in the new broadened silk muslin. It is trimmed with lace and allowed to fall about the figure in soft folds. Another jacket of this sort is printed all over with heart's ease in various colors. These jackets are altogether different from those which we have been accustomed to wear. They are made sufficiently dressy to wear at the theatre as well as at teas, and with a skirt to match, they are charming gowns, indeed.

The very newest idea in lace dresses is to weave them all in one piece and already shaped, narrow and close at the top, and gradually spreading out. Of course, this is very expensive, and I only speak of it to show how very delightful it is to have money, all you want, and to dress exactly as you please, without thinking about what it is going to cost.

I have been let into a secret which will surprise and please a great many persons. It is that pure silk embroidery will, ere long, replace the jewelry and paillettes, which, I think, have been trenching upon vulgarity. Such elegant designs in embroidery are obtainable nowadays, that there is no doubt of the popularity of the new idea. Any one who likes to dress well does not care to feel that she looks like the drum-major of a band in full uniform, and that is the impression the very elaborate embroideries, which have been so popular, have given to me. I might tell you of ever so many pretty things that are coming. One of them is the new silk skirt that is cut in five gores, measuring four and a quarter yards in width, and can be made of seven yards of silk. Think of that. If that isn't enough to make an economical woman give thanks, why, I am very much mistaken. I have often written that fashion and economy have this year gone hand in hand. Just think about it, and see if you don't agree with me.

The Partners of Poverty Flat.
(Frank Putnam in Chicago Times-Herald.)

There was Molly, who started with me on a capital shockingly small; Helen came, we divided by four; And by four with the coming of Paul.

We have hopes, as what mortal has not? Of delights to be finally won; We're expecting to "better our lot," As so many a mortal has done.

We have youth, of all riches the best; We have love, and are grateful for that; Yet we're humbly hoping to test Something finer than Poverty flat.

If we were not, the sense of the age Would accuse us of lacking behind; So, I'm writing this whimsical page To assure you we bear it in mind.

Yes, we're trying—though oft we forget To remember the duty of man; Is to train with the dressiest set And to catch every dollar he can.

But withal, when the day's in the bud, And the odor of spring's in the air, There's a spirit of bliss in the blood, And our world is exceedingly fair.

In the street it is restful and still, Ere the rattle of traffic begins; 'Tis the time when the masterful will Is asleep and at peace with its sins.

From the view in the highway I turn To the sight of my babies asleep; They have many a lesson to learn, They have many a duty to keep.

As I write, the miraculous sun Has arisen from out of the seas; 'Tis an omen of victory won By the grace of high fortune's decrees.

It is well with to-day; we are glad For the mercies past seasons begat; Though to-morrow's prove to be sad, We are happy in Poverty flat.

Orders for printing sent to the Dispatch Company will be given prompt attention, and the style of work and prices will be sure to please you.



A SEASIDE NYMPH.
Suit of fine black serge trimmed with white serge and black braid on bands of white. This becoming bathing dress is in two pieces—blouse, to which is attached the knickerbockers, gathered into a band and fastened below the knee, and the box-pleated skirt.

AFTON BREEZES

DELIGHTS OF THE SUMMER PRO-
PERLY PICTURED.

THE STORY OF A DINNER-PAIL.

How a Rich Man Ate a Workman's Meal and How He Paid for It—
A Tender Reminiscence—Personals,
&c.

AFTON, VA., July 2.—(Special).—It was a picnic party out from Afton—a party of young and old friends and city cousins, who were back in the country for the summer season. As they lunched on a shaded knoll, a chance exclamation called forth expressions about the memories of childhood and other days spent in the mountains.

"Is there anything more deliciously fragrant than the scent of that new-mown hay down there?" remarked a young man pointing to a field below.

"Oh, yes," said a gray-haired businessman, as he helped himself to another chicken-leg, "the smell of the fresh earth turned up by the plowshare beats it."

"Suggestive, also, of graves," smiled the cynic. "Give me the sniff of piney woods around me," and he suited the action to the words.

"Or the odor of a hickory log in an open fireplace," ruminated the chaperon.

"Or the fresh, green grass after a summer shower," said the city dweller amid cobblestones and asphalt.

"No! no! it is the thence of the wild roth," heaped a Valley belle, with cheeks as creamy pink as the roses near-by. And we let it go at that.

THE HUMAN HEART.

Manners and fashions change—feeling, never. The human heart is of no country, of no age. What it felt yesterday it feels no less strongly to-day, and a single touch will awaken into life to-morrow.

I know, literally, of one shining instance—old in reminiscence, scribbling, new in sentiment. A portly old gentleman, with a silk hat and a reckless profusion of gold watch-chain dangling from his waistcoat pocket, leaned upon the platform railing of the depot the other day, and watched the loading of a railroad car with bark, peeled from the giant forests of the Blue Ridge.

Balsamic breezes blew the hair about his kindly face, and the droning calls of the wagoners in the yard made music in his indifferent ears. As he stood there, indolently watching the busy scene, something down behind a bark pile glittered in the sun and caught his eye.

It was that white and penetrating dazzle of the sun shining clear and full upon a workman's dinner-pail. Years and years ago he had seen just such a glitter at noontime on many a weary day, and he could not mistake it now.

Once seen, such an illumination can never be forgotten.

The portly old gentleman took a fresh brace against the railing, and gazed blankly at this radiant magazine of dyspepsia. It was only an ordinary dinner bucket, with two rings around it, and a small tin coffee cup fitted on the greasy cover. That the tin lid was greasy was evident to the portly gentleman; that the pail had been filled with warm food at 6 o'clock in the morning by the homely hands of a country housewife.

A wave of memory swept up and dimmed the diamond scarf-pin in the old man's tie; a smile broke across his ruddy face, and he stepped briskly over to the bark-pile and gazed vacantly down at the tin-pail. Then he sat on the lee end of a fallen wheelbarrow, and hung his French boots over like a boy. A moment, and the lid gloves came from his hands, and he reached forth timidly and touched the pail.

It was no illusion. Just such tin-pails the pilgrim fathers might have carried around in their war of extermination against the basket-loving Quakers of Philadelphia a century or more ago.

There seemed to be an affinity between that dinner-pail and the aristocratic old gentleman, such as one sees lovingly shown in the meeting of two old friends.

THE DINNER.

In a short time the pail-cover came off, and his hand, firm and white, with a massive seal ring on the little finger, went on a tour of investigation. A tin-tank of black coffee sparkled before him, and underneath was a slab of cold mid-dling-meat, as thick as a board.

His shiny silk hat was pushed back and forgotten; forgotten his elaborate watch-chain and pin, while memory drifted back somewhere in the past when life was young, when the burden was heavy and ambition strong. He held the pail between his well-clad knees, and,



DAINTY SUMMER CREATION.
Foulard dress with skirt trimmed to imitate an overskirt. The rich trimming of butter-colored Valenciennes lace and edging which trim the flounces on the skirt and the white insertion stripes on the bodice of this dress, made of checked and spotted red foulard, have a very elegant effect.

taking up the slab of meat in both hands, began to eat like a half-starved Indian. A chunk of bread of home-made hard-ness followed the meat, and rummaging around he found an egg. "Aha," he chuckled, "this is something like, this is!"

As he shuffled off the shell and laid bare the greenish-yellow of the solid yolk. "That's the way to boil an egg!" Two cold potatoes, soggy with much boiling, went the way of the other things, and a home-made fried apple-pie was poised a moment in the air—and disappeared. The pail was empty.

"Look a-here, you old duffer, you; whose dinner have you been eating?" demanded the big, heavy voice of a laboring-man, who at that moment hove in sight from behind the car. The aristocratic, but portly, old gentleman struggled to his feet, and extended his hand with a jocosse smile.

"Was it yours, my friend?" he asked. "I haven't enjoyed my dinner so much for thirty years. Allow me to put the yolk back in this egg and give it to your wife, with my thanks!"

A \$10 gold-piece was deftly slipped between the broken ends and the egg-shell clapped together.

"And I hope you will go and eat my dinner at the Afton Hotel!"

Some cabalistic words were written on the back of a card, and the man in the blue blouse turned it over as he took it.

"Go, whizz!" he cried, "what'll Maria say?"

But he followed the other guests to the hotel when the going sounded, and the egg with the golden filling tinkled pleasantly in the bottom of his tin pail as he went along.

A little after, and my portly old gentleman boarded the F. F. V., which usually gets by Afton at a mile a minute, and settled himself, without money and without price, in the palace coach.

SUMMER RESORTS.
Summer life at hotels along the railroad lines of Virginia, or in the picturesque suburbs of inland towns and villages, is an altogether delightful thing, and for all the outdoor sports and indoor amusements there are plenty of enthusiasts. In the morning the usual rush among the men to take a train for the city; the usual early breakfast of coffee, eggs, and biscuit; the regular "all-day" guests finally make their appearance along towards 9 o'clock; the hurried "how do do" of 6 o'clock is changed to polite "good morning" as every one

greeted everybody else. Slow and leisurely the hot cakes, waffles, steaks, omelets, fish, and chops disappear and the dining-room is deserted. There is a demand for rocking chairs on the porch, and the men put away at their elbows while the papers are imbibed by all. It is curious to see the denizens of a summer hotel disperse by the second hour after breakfast. The younger generation prefer some form of outdoor exercise. The wheels are out and the riders re-splendent in chic bicycle suits. If eighteen boys can be collected around a hotel, two rival base-ball nines will be formed. When evening arrives the auditor is brilliantly illuminated; the men have returned from the hunt, from fishing, from the city. The music begins, the hall-room floor has been freshly waxed. Some one secures a congenial partner, and the dancing is on—pleasant and healthful relaxation. This is life for a day at any of the pretty home-like summer resorts of the Virginia mountains.

The new postmaster, Mr. T. W. Goodloe, enters upon his duties to-day. The following has been handed me:

"Our efficient, genial, and obliging postmaster, Captain John S. Hays's, time expired on the 29th ultimo, and on every hand we hear sincere regrets for having to give him up, as he has served every one impartially, faithfully, and well, and has made us a most excellent postmaster."

And we hope at the expiration of the present term that he may still be amongst us to serve us again, as he would get the office by unanimous consent.

"Afton, Va. A PATRON,"
Mrs. A. M. Goodloe, of Greenfield, is very ill.

Mrs. Hunter Hays and child, who have been guests at "Chastnut Ridge," leave for New York to-morrow.

Misses Agnes Stuart, of Culpeper county, and Alma Raines, of Nebraska, who have been visiting Mrs. D. McGregor, left for their homes yesterday.

AN ASSOCIATION NOONLIGHT.
The Popular Organization Will Entertain Its Members and Friends.

The past year has been one of the most successful in the history of the Young Men's Christian Association, and although the hot weather is here in all its intensity, things are lively and full of interest at the beautiful building corner Main and Sixth streets. The officers seen determined to maintain this interest during

the entire year, and have resorted to a novel plan for July. About ten days ago it was decided to give a moonlight excursion to the members and friends of the association. The beautiful steamer Pocahontas has been chartered, and will leave the wharf (Rocketty) on Thursday evening, July 8th, at 8 o'clock. Every member of the association is entitled to a free ticket, and extra tickets can be secured for ladies and for gentlemen at the regular rates. While the steamer is large and capable of carrying over 2000 people, and is licensed to carry 1,500, no tickets will be sold that will make it comfortable and pleasant for all. An attractive programme is being arranged, and will include the names of leading vocalists and instrumentalists of the city. The closing event of the Greek-Turk war will take place. Greeks wearing white aprons will serve the Turks. Speeches will be made by both sides.

There will doubtless be a large turnout of members and their friends, and it is said that this will be the beginning of an annual event of this character. Every precaution will be taken for the comfort and pleasure of those attending, and refreshments will be obtainable during the entire evening.

Members are requested to secure their tickets at the association building on or before Tuesday night.

A Charade.
(For the Dispatch.)
If you have SECOND taste for flowers, When winter's spell is broken at last And spring reveals to sight The peeping stalks from FIRST that

All through the winter's cold, Busting the envelope of sod, Its leaders to unfold, To which throughout the earth Her exiled children proudly turn, And claim by blood and birth An equal right with those at home To share the common glory Their fathers won through all the years Of her millennial story.

Ere the Farewell Is Spoken
on the deck of the steamer or on board the train that is to bear you away from those dear to you, you will, if you are wise, have safely stowed away in your luggage a sufficient supply of that safeguard against illness—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Commercial travellers, tourists, and pioneer emigrants concur in testifying to the fortifying and saving properties of the great tonic. Use for constipation, biliousness, malaria and kidney complaints, and nervousness.